Trope: Stranded Together (Hannigram)

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Trope: Stranded Together (Hannigram)

by TigerPrawn

Summary

With a snow storm approaching, maybe it wasn't the best night for Will and Hannibal to plan to have dinner. Or maybe it was pretty perfect?

Notes

beta'd by the amazing Victorine - thanks lovely <3

It wasn't like Doctor Lecter to be late.

Will looked at his watch again. When he'd invited the omega over for dinner, to repay all the meals the doctor had cooked him in recent weeks, he hadn't anticipated the weather. Maybe he had hit bad ice? Maybe he'd turned back? Probably for the best. The weather reports had upgraded the storm, and the snow had started to fall lightly outside. But it was the sky - darker than it had any right to be even at this time of the evening - that spoke of what was to come.

Will considered for a moment that if the doctor did make it, they might get snowed in, or at the least it might not be safe for him to drive back that night. And what kind of alpha would he be if he even thought about letting an omega go home alone in such weather? Will's heart gave a heavy thud and he pushed the thought down and felt a flush rise up his neck at the concern that Lecter might think that he'd planned it. If only he were that devious where the omega was concerned.

No, Will pretty much was an open book on that front because he was so incapable of hiding the effect Hannibal had on him. His scent was rich and warming, enticing. But everything else told Will he didn't stand a chance so there was no point in embarrassing himself over it. Aside from being intelligent, attractive and wealthy, Hannibal wasn't the stereotypical omega. Especially in their friendship. Though he'd cooked and hosted Will on many occasions, he had also taken him out to fancy restaurants - an alpha might lavish an omega in such a way not the other way around. Hannibal, as his unofficial therapist had become his support, his paddle. It was bad enough being an alpha that needed that, but it was strangely ok that it was an omega providing it.

Either way, Hannibal's wealth made him impossible to woo for someone like Will. So, it was all platonic of course, but Will knew even if he had any intentions towards Doctor Lecter, it would be pointless to attempt to win the favour of such a thoroughbred omega.

Twenty minutes later than planned, the snow now coming down thick and heavy, there was a knock at the door. The dogs barked and he silenced them with a whistled command that sent them all to their beds, before he went to the door. He hadn't heard a car, or seen headlights in the window. When he opened the door Hannibal stood shivering, despite the thick coat, covered in snow as it was.

"Are you ok?" Will asked, as without thinking he took hold of Hannibal's arms and pulled him into the house at the same time as brushing off snow and rubbing his hands up and down his arms to warm the omega.

"Apologies for my tardiness Will. A tree has come down at the end of the lane and it seemed pointless to turn back, but I'm afraid I got a little lost in the dark." Hannibal's teeth chattered a little as he spoke. "But the lights - your house does look like a boat on the sea, as you said." Lecter smiled but then gave a little cough, expelling the cold air.

"I'm so sorry, I should have come looking for you or-"

"Will please, you weren't to know. Besides, I think I ended up a little off the beaten track, we would have passed like ships in the night."

They shared a soft smile and then the doctor began to unbutton his coat, and Will felt like an even bigger ass for not trying to immediately help him out of the damp and heavy garment. He took it now as Lecter shrugged out of it, and was surprised to see the doctor looking almost casual. Smart trousers, but a red sweater in place of his normal shirt, vest and tie - damp around the collar and shoulder where snow had seeped through.

"I'm afraid I dressed informally as I thought that might be more fitting, but I am now missing the layers this change in weather calls for."

Will hung the coat and went to warm the doctor's arms again but realised it might be a little personal at this point. "Um, the fire… come sit by the fire, I'll grab you one of my thick knits."

Will dug through his clothing once he got to his room, and realised he had nothing that hadn't already been worn at least once. They were clean, but he felt slightly awkward about offering an omega something that would be full of his scent. He sighed at his lack of options and grabbed a t-shirt and the thick, grey wool jumper that was practically a coat in itself and went back to his guest.

Lecter took both gratefully. Despite the fact that he was still shivering, he pulled off his own red sweater, folding it neatly and placing it on the table, before putting on Will's offering. Will turned away as Hannibal changed, but even so he caught a glimpse of chest hair. Most omegas were smooth, and the fact that Hannibal wasn't not only seemed right, but also even more attractive.

"Very comfortable… thank you." He smiled and started to do up the toggles at the front, getting to the top one and closing the collar around him. As he did so he took a breath and gave a slight shudder - an involuntary omega reaction to the alpha scent.

Will felt the colour rise in his cheeks at the sight, it was warming, arousing, but also felt intrusive. He looked away.

“I’m so sorry Will, an unconscious action… I didn’t mean to embarrass you.” The tone was fretful and Will wondered just how terrible this evening was going to get when clearly - though perhaps neither of them seemed ready to admit it - there was no way the doctor would be able to get home until the morning at least.

Will was about to try and find words, but was saved from his floundering by the doctor sneezing.

“Oh dear.” He pulled a handkerchief from his back pocket and gave Will another apologetic look.

“Come to the fire,” Will finally managed. He guided the omega without touching him, very aware of how close he was and how good he smelled now that their scents had mingled together through the sweater. Will grabbed some of the larger cushions from the sofa and put them in front of the fire and then went off and poured them both some whiskey.

Lecter had lowered himself and was sat on the cushions, warming his hands at the fire, when Will handed him a glass. He stood to drink his own, knocking it back quicker than he had intended.

“Uh, dinner is just finishing off. Can I get you something else-”

“No, no. I’m fine.” The omega smiled up at him, nursing the glass in his hands.

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Given the drop in temperature and the fact that the doctor was clearly already comfortable in front of the fire, Will pulled the low side-table over to serve dinner rather than eating at what passed as his dining table.

“Do you mind?” he asked tentatively.

Hannibal shook his head with a smile. “The fire is so warming, I'd prefer it.”

That eased Will and made him smile. His table wasn't a fancy affair like Hannibal’s. No elaborate centerpiece on polished wood or extravagant cloth. He'd gone with a rabbit stew with dumplings, no appetiser and a bought in apple pie for dessert. Nothing so fancy that it required multiple sets of cutlery. He wasn't even sure he owned a fish fork.

Stew in front of the fire was much more his speed. He set a bowl and spoon on the table in front of Hannibal.

The omega leaned in immediately and took a deep breath in and let it out with an appreciative hum. “Rabbit?”

“Yes, the woods are crawling with them. I try to keep the numbers down a little otherwise they start getting sick or get aggressive with each other over resources,” Will explained,

wondering if he should have gone to more effort than just preparing something he had often. But… this wasn't a date - he had to remind himself.

“You… you hunted for me?” Hannibal’s mouth quirked at one side.

“No, I… well, yes but…” Will almost dropped his own bowl as he placed it and stuttered over his words.

“Please Will.” Hannibal smiled. “I meant nothing by it. I’m just a little surprised - you are the least stereotypical alpha I know.” He stopped and considered his next words. “I know you fish often… No, hunting suits you, I can see that in you.”

Will cursed the swelling feeling in his chest. He was rarely complimented by omegas - usually because he didn’t interact with many - and the reaction was pretty much innate. He tried to divert the situation by picking up on what Hannibal had said about stereotypes -

“Not a stereotype doctor? Because I don’t feel the need to claim and bond the first omega I see, or because I believe in such modern thinking as omega rights?” Will grinned, and finally sat, taking up his spoon.

“Both I suppose.” Hannibal grinned back. “Amongst other things.” He ate a spoonful of the stew before continuing. “It’s refreshing.”

Will huffed a chuckle. “I’ve never been called refreshing before. It’s… refreshing.”

Hannibal laughed and it was kind of musical.

*

After the stew, Will made them coffee - both too full for the pie at that moment. Conversation, as always, was pleasant and easy. Outside of therapy they never talked about work and Will was grateful for that. Instead, they often discussed music, food, fishing. Things they had in common and things they didn’t. It was - yes, pleasant and easy. Nice.

As they drank the coffee Hannibal looked over to the window and Will followed his gaze. Even in the dark it was clear that there was nothing but white beyond the pane. Hannibal would definitely have to stay the night - there was no way they were retrieving his car in this weather.

“It looks like the weather may well have imprisoned us,” the omega said with a slight blush, and he averted his eyes in a way that Will usually did. It was the most omega thing he had ever seen the doctor do, and it sent a shiver through him.

“Oh, I’m…” Will’s mouth went dry, maybe he was imagining it, but it seemed like their mingled scents were filling the air, he couldn’t draw breath without taking them in. Each breath making his heart thud and pulse race. The smell was so good, so right.

“Will? Are you okay?” Hannibal leaned towards him a little with concern in his expression. Will realised he had been staring into the middle distance. He shook the thoughts off.

“I’m sorry. I should have realised about the weather. I feel terrible about it, I hope you don’t have anything important in the morning that you might miss,” he said quickly and was surprised by Hannibal’s chuckle.

“Oh.” was all Hannibal said for a moment, looking thoughtfully at Will before continuing. “I had hoped it was intentional. When I saw the weather report I knew it was unlikely I’d be able to leave, I had at least presumed I would make it in without incident. Having to abandon my car was not something I had expected.” Another light chuckle that ran through Will like a live wire.

“Uh, you… Huh?” He wasn’t sure he understood and was never going to dare presume.

He was glad his mug was now empty otherwise he would have spilled the contents when Hannibal’s hand took his and tugged him down to the cushions.

“What I mean is that I had hoped that you invited me over with the intention of keeping me here for an evening, of us... keeping each other warm.” The omega’s smile was soft, but there was a nervous anticipation there.

Will swallowed thickly. “Doctor Lecter, I… I never… I didn’t intend…”

“Oh, oh Will I’m sorry. I thought…” A slight blush rose to mirror Will’s own and the doctor sat back a little, moving as though he were about to stand. “I thought… I must have misunderstood, misread…”

“Oh.” Everything seemed to click into place in Will’s hindbrain, setting out the truth and opportunity. “Oh, I.” He couldn’t even begin to process anything beyond what Hannibal seemed to be saying - doing - expressing an interest. “I… can’t afford… I can’t buy you fancy courting gifts,” he blurted out.

Hannibal chuckled. “I don’t need any.”

“If we… If we wanted to… if things…” He forced out the words he was trying to say in another tumbled rush - “I’m not good with people, parties, fancy dinners… I’m awkward and kind of weird.”

Another light chuckle - “Will, it's fine to be weird. I’m not exactly the pinnacle of omeganess.”

That much was true, Will knew - thinking not only of the man’s forthright behaviour, his education and standing, but also to the strangely alluring chest hair he had glimpsed.

Will went quiet for a moment and turned his focus to the roaring fire. He couldn’t even question the fact that he liked Hannibal, more than liked, but had been held back by their vast differences in circumstances.

“If it went somewhere, if we bonded, mated…” Will found he was speaking the words to the dancing flames. “I… I have nothing to offer you.”

Hannibal let out a gentle sigh. “You need offer me nothing other than yourself… It’s only you that I want Will.”

The words burned through Will to his core. He turned to the omega, warmed through by his smile.

“The snow’s pretty bad out there.” Will spoke softly, tentatively. Did Hannibal truly want him?

“It may last for days.” Hannibal replied with a nod, his smile turning to a near lascivious grin.

Will laughed lightly, took hold of the collar on the thick knit sweater and pulled Hannibal to him, their lips meeting in a soft, chaste kiss. And then Hannibal deepened the kiss as Will lost himself to the heady scent of his omega.

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